GOWNS OF AZURE TINTS,

Like Flitting Bluebirds, are Happy Harbingers of Spring.

Ony in Stripes and Figures Come on the Josephine and Garibaldi Waists-Velvets and Pure Give Place to Wraps with Capes, Empire Jackets, Butterfly Conto and Collarettes-A Hint to Crinoline Legtelators-Wise Words From Worth or Fashion's Frenks - Queen Margherita Tactful Mrs. Morton, and Some Wives of the Cabinet-The Woman that Charms at Dinner, and Other Interesting Toples,

"Attend all ye who list to hear." The con sensus of conservative opinion justifies the ordering of the apring gown without a hoop. What the summer will bring forth no see dares foretell. The cholers and the crincline are both imminent, and for the latter there is no quarantine. While emancirated womanhood agitares its right to manipulate the affairs of state, man legislators in the parliament of fashion formulate the laws governing the hoop and its reign.

To be ultra fashionable is accounted incle gant, and the greatest hope for the truly artistic dress lies in the fact that what some one has pronounced the indecent haste of the dress makers to establish the new mode may defeat their purpose. Meanwhile, thankful for the respite, we cut our skirts four and onehalf or five yards about the bottom, goring to the belt, shirred across the back, and lined to the knees with stiff crinolina. Wholesale mercantile houses report a demand for crino line difficult to satisfy. Hoops, too, may be they are flexible and not at all apparent when the skirt is hung. Perhaps the mode makers, finding more resistance to the hoop coerce the fashionable woman into wearthe wire cage by burdening her with those heavy-lined skirts, from which



she may gladly turk to the lighter hoop. The skirts of some of the new gowns clear the ground by two inches, and all of them are devoid of any suspicion of a trail. Fancy ribbons of most beautiful varieties enter largely into the decoration of the new gowns. Satin ribbons of all widths are used, and pretty effects are obtained by gathering the ribbons into narrow little ruches for the decoration of the skirt and the finish of the edges of all the waist decoration. And old-fashioned milli-ners' folds and deftly turned pipings of satin or velvet, with gimps and galons, all are used in a variety of ways. One skirt has a succession of ribbon ruffles, satin gathered very scentily on the edge. The lower row is perhaps three inches wide, the four rows above it each less than an inch in width Arches



sion of ribbon ruffles, satin gathered very scantily on the edge. The lower row is perhaps three inches wide, the four rows above it each less than an inch in width. Another fancy is to use a succession of milliners' folds widely spaced, each fold about an inch wide and between them a single row of narrow gimp, with a gleam of gold in the edges.

One expression of the spring gown with a tangle of violet and rose and bronze tints woven into a warp of duil green threads has a Grecian pattern set on in narrow bronze braid with just a thread of gold in its weave. This pattern repealed three times around the skirt reaches well above the knees. The bodice has an odd and pretty arrange ment of the shoulder ruffle, which in the front, forms bold plaited revers, one crossing over the other and extending to the folded belt of bronze green satin. In the back the cloth is fitted to the lilning by two happed seams extending up from the waist to the shoulder ruffle which prevailed some years ago. The side pleese are lapped over the stops, leaving the back thain through the centre. The ruffle is lined with satin, finished with the braid, and the braid which trims the bodice above the ruffle covers the seams.

Another phase of the spring gown shows one of the piped skirts that have been more or less popular through the season, and promise to form part of the repertoire of the spring mode. It is one of the silk and wool material, which is of light tan color. Around the bottom is a flounce of silk with an opsline sheen of bleaded colors on a green background. This is piped on either edge with green. Shoulder ruffles of the silk, also piped, cross the shoulders, and in front merge into Directoire rovers opening over a soarf of silk which drapse the bust Empire fashion, and ties in a green velvet fold matching the green design in the material, which is of light tan color. Around the bottom is a flounce of silk with an opsline sheen of bleaded colors on a green background. This is piped on either edge with green. Shoulder ruffles o



STRIPED AND FIGURED SILKS

Compose the Velvet-edged Josephine and the Gray Garibaldi Waists, Speaking of tartan silk waists suggests the great diversity of designs shown now in necessary luxuries of good dressing. Striped and figured silks are used as well as the changeable taffetas and wash fabrics of silk. There is the Josephine waist, which is gathered all about the neck down the shoulders, and again at the bottom.



Narrow velvet ribbon is sewn on in the form of a roke before the waist is made up, and narrow velvet edges the folded belt and is looped in the rosette at the back. Drooping shoulder ruffles and bretelles which are sloped to a point at the belt, are made of the silk, doubled and cut on the bias, or else the selvedge of the material is used for the edge



of the bertha and frills. The Garibaldi is, perhaps, the meat pleasing design, because it is more unusual than the others. A Garibaldi waist of gray blue silk with an old rose figure has a gathered to a colar formed of narrow strine of satin ribbon and folds of the material. The ribbon edges the point of the waist, which is not fastened anywhere, but opens over the inner waist of rose silk. All the ladies with grown-up daughters know just how a Garibaldi waist how a Garibaldi waist how a Garibaldi waist is made, for the fashion has lost nothing in its lip van Winkle sleep of a quarter of a century. It is gathered to the collar and again at the helt. The sleeves are full and gathered to a band not more than two inches wide, and finished with a ruffle like the old bishop sleeve. All the pretty plaited shirts and blouses will blossom out with the June

bishop sleeve. All the pretty plaited shirts and hlouses will biossom out with the June roses, and fanciful, nedlige, picturesque comfort sounds the keynote of the summer mode for mountain and seashore. A few bound slaves of fashion will appear always in boned and furbelowed gowns, but the average woman, and her name is legion, considers the silk shirt-waist full dress for summer days.

THE SPRING WRAP, WITH CAPE,

Warm Costly Furs of the Winter.

The spring wrap is the paramount topic of he day, for with the first sunshine we are as eager to put off our furs as we were anxfous to put them on with the first snowflakes. The most popular spring wrap will be the cape, which is so easily adjusted, so daintily dressy, and may be made at comparatively small expense by the home dressmaker. Black satin promises to be the fabric most worn in spring capes, supplanting the costly velvet



and yet more costly fur of the winter. And the satin capes may be trimmed with lace and jet, brightened with colored linings of gay figured stuffs, or be made as simply as the velvet capes, plaited to a yoke and lined with a bright plain fabric. Velvet capes of bright colors are shortened to the waist for spring wear, and plaited to the yoke in Watteau ef fects. Some velvet and satin capes are made up with lace, either jetted or plain, which



forms the sleeves or that part which covers the arms and ornaments all the fronts. One ex-ample from Peter Hobinson's London estab-lishment illustrates the idea. Another cap-less dressy, is of army blue cloth, edged with



gathered waist of gay tartan silk. A plaited yoke trill of the serge edged with the tartan to the gows. which will be made in the dull Russian blues and coffee browns as well as in the eyer-popular navy blue serges for summer travelling as well as outing gowns.

which finish in the armhole at the back and do not cross the shoulder.

And besides these coats and capes, all sorts of little collarettee and pleated capes are shown, barely covering the shoulders, finishing in a point at the waist line, and insuring plenty of business for the physicians; for so trim and iaunty are they, so beautifully do they display a handsome tollet, that no woman will ever realize how little protection they are until she is down with broughtish de se feature of street and travelling gowns, as they were several years ago, and very satisfactory costumes they prove to be, too, to ladies whose means scarcely admit of buying a new mantle every quarter.

WORDS FROM WORTH THE SECOND.

There is no such thing as dashion now, according to Worth the Second. "Formerly we had a court, there were leaders in dress, and what they wore other society women wanted to wear." he said to the interviewer of the Lon-

"Now there are no leaders, and fashions are not set from an authoritative source. The woman with pretensions to dress does not follow fashion; she wears what pleases herself, regardless of anybody else.

For the dressmaker the condition's are changed. His problem now is to dress his customer, not after an arbitrary pattern, but in such clothes as suit her: to study her as a subject, and to choose for her, with her face, igure, and complexion as the only criterion. The great world of women who still de-

sire to follow a lead, and make the term "fashion" still a reality, take their cues often from the merest accident. "I remember one year a manufacturer had a large stock-ten thousand yards-of moirs silk on hand which he could not sell. He bought in the stock to use for linings and petticoats because it was cheap. Just as soon as it got noised abroad

he could not sell. He bought in the stock to use for linings and petticoats because it was cheap. Just as soon as it got noised abroad that we were using it people began to say. 'Moiré is fashionable,' and by the next season everybody from Russia to Mexico was in a moiré gown, and we had ceased to use it. "Sometimes a fashion beginning from mere nothing will grow and grow until it forces itself upon us by mere accumulated momentum. Some newspaper correspondent makes the random statement that green is going to be fashionable. The statement goes all over the globs, and we shall have such demands for that color as oblige us to use it, and so it finally does become fashionable.

"Women with pretensions to dress want to wear what is unique. They consult perhaps their inste, perhaps their style, perhaps only caprice, but it must be something new. As soon as it is known that an exclusive house has made a certain kind of costume, or used a certain fabric, everybody else wants it; and as soon as it has become common the exclusive house ceases to make or use it, and the exclusive women throw it aside.

"There are women eager to copy what the original thinkers in dress wear and the original women as eager to drop their own creations on seeing them imitated in cheap material and worn by vulgar people, and this is now the only distinction between fashion leaders and the rest of the world.

"It is a division botween those who want to wear what everybody else wears and those who want to wear what foods are leaders against their will.

"As to what is going to be worn, all that I have said goes to show how indefinite the answer must be. One great dressmaking house says that one style will prevail; another claims a different mode. The Empire is having some popularity. It was five years ago that we made the first Empire gown. We sool four the first season, the next season we made perhaps twenty; now they are the rage and—we are not making them any more.

"We are going to make small waist effects and round skirts just brushing the

THE GOOD DINNER WOMAN.

She Alms to Listed Well and Avoids the Helen Bridgeman has analyzed the "good dinner woman" as one who must be" neither pleasant to look upon, neither must she be a beautiful automaton; she must be quick, responsive, interesting, and vivacious, but she must not monopolize the conversation and cause others to fight for their rights; she must have in her the spirit of the bonhommie, yet she must be the epitome of good breeding and refinement; in fine, she must be the most fascinating flower of a complex civilization. One could spell all this with four letters, tact, and tact in its highest form amounts to genius. It is probably the hardest grace to cultivate in the catalogue of virtues, for it embraces all the others. It is really the spirit and the letter of the golden rule, and its corner stone is unselfishness. The popular woman knows that every human being is happier to tell good story than to hear one. It belongs to the general principle of being more blessed to give than to receive, and the good dinner woman, if one may be pardoned for using the lumbering phrase again, has this written as the first lawin her decalogue. One of the few really gifted women in this particular said in a sudden burst of confidence the other day:

"Nobody knows what downright hard work I do to earn my success. I keep a note book at hand, and every quaint expression, every good story, every amusing thing I see or read or hear, which I think will work up into a telling sentence, down it goes in classified order. Then I just sit down and cram for a dinner as a school girl does for examination. Want to know who I learned that from? Why, from the famous Chauncey. They say he has scrap books galore, full of all manner of jokes and good things. But with a woman it is different. You have to think of other people more than yourself when the dinner begins. My mind is just like my gown, after it is once ready I think no more about it. I try to find out the people I am to meet, what they are interested in, and then I lead up to appropriate topics, introducing them as adroitly as possitis, fill in the gaps with my nonsense, and get people to talking. That is the way to entertain them.

"I once went down to dinner with a famous man taiker, and when we were seated a horrible falatness came over me from the closeness of the room, the perfume of the flowers. I felt that I must keep that man talking to keep people from noticing my silence and illness, and I did. The next day he told everybody I was the brightest woman he ever saw. That was my cue. I have never forgotten it. I don't think," she added wistfully, 'that the machinery ever shows. But I usually go home from a dinner as weary as a ballet girl after the performance. It is much easier to say the bright thing than to make some one else say it, but a smart woman is the worst kind of a mistake. If she isn't married married men all think that is the reason why—she is too smart. If she has a husband every one feels sorry for him." give than to receive, and the good dinner woman, if one may be pardoned for using the

Diplomatte Mrs. Morton. A pretty story is told of Mrs. Morton's tact and courtesy, quite equal to the tradition of Lady Washington's crushing a teacup on purpose to relieve the embarrassment of the guest wao had inadvertently broken one of her eggshell cups in his large and careless hand. Mrs. Morton has a set of exquisitely painted doylies

from the atelier of a noted Paris artist. One of her political dinner guests, after dipping his fingers in the bowl drew out the priceless filmy square and crushed it into a bail, trying to dry his hands as he tuked learnedly with his hostess. his hostess.

Mrs. Morton smiled with a serenity for which it is hoped the recarding angel will give her credit, and said: "Such filmsy doyles are useless—let me give you another—but you know it's the fashion." And the grateful politician accepted the napkin and never knew his mistaks.

Queen Margherita and the Lacemakers. The Queen of Italy, like the Princess of Wales, is noted for her taste in dress, though instead of the tailor-made serges and cheviots which the Princess is wont to dress, the Italian Queen essays sumptuous brocades and velvets rich in color and texture, like the robes of the stately ladies Titian and Veronese painted in the old days. The Queen has been patron of the lace-making industry of the a patron of the lace-making industry of the Italian people, encouraging the revival of the old stitches and the designing of new patterns. They tell a story of how one particular stitch, in guipure was almost lost to the world in the decay of the art. It was discovered at last that a bed-ridden old lacemaker of Buram was the only person alive who could do the stitch, and by dint of good food and wine she was fairly coaxed back to life long enough to impart her precious secret to the young lace makers of the new venetian school. Queen Margherita is rather short in stature, but so well does she carry herself that she always conveys the impression of a tall woman. Her neck and arms are beautiful in outline and tint, her skin delicate and creamy white, the color coveted by Italian women. She speaks Fronch. German, Italian, and English, and her favorite books are those belonging to English literature.

FESTIVITIES AT VASSAR.

Washington's Birthday Celebrated in Novel Way-The "Trig" Ceremonies, VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHERPSIE, March 3.-The Poughkeepsie shopkeepers usually know the number of students who flock in to do their trading, but on Washington's Birthday, although many town expeditions were planned, few were carried out, because of the severe storm. A notice had been posted by the committee of the day requesting all to appear at dinner in colonial costume, and the day was quietly spent in preparation for the fête. At 8 o'clock the dinner gong summoned the seventeenth century characters eighteenth century meal, and they gathered before the doors, waiting for the Sefilor Chair man of the day to lead the line with the classmates of her table. Presently they appeared marching through the upper hall and down

mans of the day to lead the line with the class mates of her table. Presently they appeared marching through the upper hall and d.wn the broad staircase, and even George Washington himself-perhaps out of regard for chronology-stepped back to let the Salem witches precede him. Each witch wors a long, acarlet cloak, and bore on the peak of her high-pointed cap a minature, savage-looking cat, of which the black, life-sized original surmounted the leader's broom. Seated about their table, each with her broom behind her, and the black cauldron in the centre, they formed a grotesque picture.

Every table was decorated. The Stars and Stripes appeared on nearly all, varied by combinations with roses, violets, and carnations. Quite an orchard of cherry trees had sprung up in different parts of the room, and bore nost life-like fruit. The hatchet hung above, or was carried in the hands of a diminuitive "George" beneath the tree. Onco or twice at some table a partroite tune was struck up, with which La Fayette, King George III., and other foreigners seemed astonishingly familiar; but the good colonial appetite seldom permitted more than two verses. Tableaus in the gymnasium succeeded the dinner, and were in turn followed by a colonial ball.

The "Trig ceremonies" of the class of '05 were given on Saturday evening. Feb. 2. It is customary for each class to celebrate, at the end of its sophomore semester, the close of its prescribed course in mathematics by creamonies designed to horrify the freshmen with the tasks still before them. Last your they included a play, in which was told the story of Richard G. Elison, his love for Sophie More, his success over his rival, Frof. De Labratoire, and his marriage with the lady of his choice. The object of the play right is, of course, to embody in the play as many zood jokes as possible on the different classes and on the various phases of conege life; and the result is usually a surprising display of bright originality. The committee on Trig ceremonies for '15, by whom the play was

WIVES OF CABINET MEMBERS.

The Cabinet ladies of the Cleveland Adminstration will include three young and ambitious women, about Mrs. Cleveland's age, who Mrs. Wilson S. Bissell is a musician of talent. who has studied both in this country and abroad, and has all the charms and graces so much admired in social circles. She is a fine looking woman of the brunette type, quite young enough to enjoy her Washington honors, and as this promises to be an administration of babies, she is well prepared with a little daughter a few days younger than baby Ruth. Mrs. Smith is a young and attractive woman, a devoted mother, and a gracious dispenser of charities. Mrs. Lamont has a fine repose and grace of mother: "that excellent thing in woman," a soft, low voice, and a quiet self-possession and serenity that will win where a more ambitious woman might conquer society. There are three children in the Lamont family, the youngest born during the Cleveland Administration, and named by the Fresident's wife Francis Cleveland Lamont.

Mrs. Cleveland and these ladles of the republican court arctypical American women, owing their prominence in the world to the successes of their consorts, and illustrating the wonderful adaptability of the American woman to assume unfamiliar honors with the grace which queens to the manor born might envy. There tion of babies, she is well prepared with a little

sume unfamiliar honors with the grace which queens to the manor born might envy. There is much said of the American men who have left the plough to take up the reins of government, but it is no less remarkable to see the graciousness with which an American school-girl leaves her French exercises or the American wife gives up the making of her gowns and the care of her babies to take high social places with grace and dignity.

INTERESTING INFORMATION. Verily, with the assumption of their right women renounce their privileges. In one of the Western States the wife is liable to be sued for the expenses of the family as the hus band is in this State. A wife has been held liable for the payment of the family butcher bill when the husband ordered its items, and in another case the wife has been held jointly responsible with the husband for a debt in-curred in the purchase of a carriage which both used. These are phases of the perfect both used. These are phases of the perfect equality between men and women not so greatly to be desired above the existing state of affairs. When a woman becomes responsible for a husband's debts as the lord of the house-hold is now holden for his lady's obligations, the privilege of voting for Mayor and Presi-dent will scarcely recompense for the respon-sibility of the new dispensation.

Dr. Anna Kuhnow of Leipsic, who spent some time as interns and instructor in the New York Infirmary for Women, calls America the paradise for women, and contrasts her own position in Germany, where, though she took her doctor's degree at the University of Zurich and has a large practice in Leipsic, she is not legally allowed to use her title of doctor and is subjected to most harassing restrictions in giving out prescriptions. She pronounces Dr. Cushler of the infirmary one of the most skilful surgeons she has seen, and the infirmary, conducted entirely by women, where the most difficult operations are performed, is a wonderful place to her. One thing, the Doctor says, she has missed, and that is the feeble health she expected to find among the women here, and says that among the students of the college were the healthlest women, both physically and mentally, that she has ever met. Zurich and has a large practice in Leipsic, she

The duties of the President's wife in France differ considerably from those required of the consort of the Chief Executive of the United States. Mmc. Carnot superintends all the en-tertainments given at the Elysee, and no State tertainments given at the Flyses, and no State dinner is prepared until she has criticised the bill of fare. Every day she assists the President in examining the mass of letters he receives daily, her knowledge of modern languages and of political affairs enabling her to be of great assistance in disposing of them. The ordering and superintending of her tolets is one of her official duties, for the dress of the President's lady exercises a greater-influence over commercial affairs in France than with us. The official duties of the French republican Court are even more exacting than official demands at Washington.

Otto Hegner, the conscientious boy planist who played here a few years ago, has a little sister not yet 12 years old who is a clever violinist. The two prodigles have arrived in England and are giving joint performances.

Frances Van Gasken has been appointed assistant medical inspector to the Bureau of Health in Philadelphia. The Doctor is one of the bright graduates of the Woman's Medical College, has served her term in the Philadel-phia Hospital, and passed the two civil ser-vice examinations for her new office with distinction, it is thought that a woman physician may be admitted to houses under conditions where a man's presence might be resented, and that she will ferret out sources of contagion with the same discretion as her colleagues.

A well-known man writer who describes woman as a study in "tears and talons" and a most "cleverly cruel animal." chivalrousi lays all the blame of her baseness upon man's broad shoulders. "Among women." he says centuries of seeing man's selection pass implanted a peculiar spite. From unremembered times the fortunate have not forborned from casting back on their unsuccessful sisters the eye of triumph and the chuckle of contempt. Ages of this founded a fresh cruelty, and there was gradually arrayed, beth against man and woman, the hatred of the unasked, the hatred of the too little loved the cruelty of the slain, and the cruelty of the beautiful. Ail of which may be true and pathetic, but it wouldn't be well for that man

to argue this doctrine before any woman's club not unless he has such disposition made of his property as he most desires and has re-newed his life insurance policy.

Kate Smith, a remarkably pretty and highly educated roung woman of Louisville, Ry., has taken up the rather ghastly and not at all feminine art of embalming. Her father is a professional embalmer and through assisting him in his work she grew very much ining him in his work she grew very much in-terested in the business, and took a course of lessons from an expert. She was the only woman in the class, and is one of the very few professional embalmers that hold a diplo-ma in this country. While the work is scarcely one which the average young woman would enjoy taking up, the presence of a sympa-thetic tactful woman in the house in times of bereavement might be of inestimable com-fort to the sorrowful.

Salvini admits in his autobiography that he was deeply in love with Ristori when he was a youth, and until he discovered that she could only be a sister to him. From that time he "loved her as a friend and admired her as an artist."

TO MAKE LAWS AGAINST CRINOLINE Would, by the Rule of Contraries, Set Every

Why doesn't some one personally interested in the grave and worthy statesmen who are making the wearing of the crinoline a State issue by presenting to the Legislatures bills to prohibit its introduction tell the lawmakers now absurd it is for them to get themselves disliked for nothing? Directly the statute gainst the crinoline is issued, every woman in the Union will wear a hoop skirt, if she has to make it herself, and pay the penalty of disregarded law in the regular way. The old lievolutionary spirit has descended upon the daughters of the men that threw the tea into Boston harbor, and no parliament of men which deales to woman the privileges of representation will be allowed to interfere with her inalienable right to wear her petticoats as sile chooses. Indeed, one woman says that the one and only condition which would justify women in wearing the hoop would be to have men say she should not wear it. The great Arctic and Antarctic circles would not be large enough to indicate her determination not to be dictated to by men. in the Union will wear a hoop skirt, if she has

IT QUICKENS THE SEWING MACHINES.

Scrawled-in uneven black letters, on a big

sheet of brown paper, this notice appeared in front of 77 Greene street the other day: Wanted: Experienced operators on ladies tea gowns steady work and good pay; free tea. Apply up stairs. Two flights above the street was a long

room, the walls of which were lined with racks filled with gowns of every shade and color that the dyer is capable of making. A railing enclosed a small space near the entrance, and within this enclosure was a bench on which were seated. when the reporter entered the room, the proprietor, a big, heavy-featured man with a brown beard, and several young women who had called in consequence of the notice quoted above. One of the applicants was an exceedingly pretty brunette. She had rosy cheeks. rather full lips that curied in a perpetual pout, and intensely black hair. Her companion was older and a listless sort of woman. Her eyes looked weak, and her face was very pale. Both were poorly dressed, but the beauty of the former could not be hidden by the ugliness of her little black hat or the cheapness of her thin and overtight jacket Their interview with the proprietor had evidently progressed to near its conclusion at the

Their interview with the proprietor had evidently progressed to near its conclusion at the time of the reporter's appearance, for the first thing he heard was this from the pretty girl:

"I can't get along without any exercise, mister. I'd rather not have your tea and be allowed to go out for half an hour. I can't be cooped up all day. I'd be sick."

"Well, you can do that if you want to." he replied. "As long as your work is all right. I haven't any objections to your going out for iuncheon. When will you be ready to start?"

"Any time."

"Any time."

"Any time."

"Any time in the forewoman I told you to go to work."

The other applicant received the same directions, and the reporter followed them up to the next floor. The room here was a counterpart of the one below as to size, but the floor was covered pretty thickly with sewing machines, and a lot of women, from young girls to gray-haired dames, were running them or sewing by hand. The floor was strewn with the pretty fabrics which were to be made up later into tea gowns for women who do not have to work, but have the money to purchase such luxuries as well as the time to use them. About forty operators were at work, and the newcomers weredustalled at machines previously idle.

In one corner of the room was a big cooking stove, on which were several extra large tea kettles and two enormous teapots. On a row of shelves near by was a big array of ordinary white crockery cups and saucers, some sugar bowls, and a few plates. A matronly looking woman sat in front of the stove knitting as unconcernedly as though in a little kitchen remote from the noise of the machines and the chatter of the operators. The tea kettles acted as though they might be singing in the approved romantie style, but if they were no-body could hear them. The woman glanced mote from the noise of the machines and the chatter of the operators. The tea kettles acted as though they might be singing in the approved romantic style, but if they were no-body could hear them. The woman glanced up at the clock, and would look at the lire and the condition of the water in the kettles.

"Say, mamma," shouted one mischievous-looking girl whose machine was near the stove, "it's getting pretty near noon, and that tea'll be everlastin weak if you ain't careful."

"Never you mind, Jenny, replied the cook reprovingly, "I guess I know how to make tea, and I'll thank you not to tell ma."

"Oh, don't you get on your high horse, now, mamma," said Jenny, with a wink to her companion, "you ain't too old to learn, are you?"

"Hush!" whispered another girl to Jenny, "Don't get the old lady mad, or she'll have the tea so weak we can't drink it."

The tea maker looked angry for a moment, then turned her back on Jenny and resumed her knitting. It was after Il, and the steam began to blow from the nozzles of the kettles. The cook arose, and, takinga big tea canister from one of the shelves, measured off a quantity for each teapot. About forty pairs of eros were lifted from their work at this moment and watched hers. A good deal of whispering followed.

"I'll bet you a cookey the tea ain't fit to drink," Jenny whispered to her neighbor.

The latter shrugged her shoulders.

"If it ain't, let's all complain to the bose."

The cook now poured the boiling water into the teapote and a pleasant odor of steeping tea was soon noticeable in the immediate

she suggested.

"That's it; we'll get even with old granny."
The cook now poured the boiling water into the teapote and a pleasant odor of steeping tea was soon noticeable in the immediate neighborhood of the stove.

"My, that makes me feel hungry," sighed one of the girls.

"Me, too." said another. "It seems to me 12 o'clock will never come."

Undoubtedly the minutes dragged exasperatingly for the hungry and thirsty girls, but the machines were kent going until the two hands of the clock met at the figure 12, and then they suddenly stopped as the gong struck, proclaiming that an intermission for luncheon had arrived. Immediately the girls jumped up, throwing aside the pretty gowns on which they were working, just as though the fabrics of which they were made were not delicate and costly. The cook also put aside her knitting and began to pour out the tea from the pote into cups which they were made were not delicate and costly. The cook also put aside her knitting and began to pour out the tea from the pote into cups which the girls belied themselves to and brought to her. Evidently her critics hed been unjust, for the 'oa looked and smeiled all right. The cirls brought out their lunch baskets and boxer, and with a cup of tea on the leaf of her machine and her luncheon in her lap each fell to with an appetite earned by hard work. The pretty brunette got her tea and also permission to take a walk, and several others did the same. Most of the girls preferred, however, to rest indoors.

Alter luncheon the teacups were returned

Don't leave home mad

> If your breakfast doesn't happen to suit.

TELL YOUR WIFE To have

Heckers BUCKWHEAT CAKES

For breakfast to-morrow.

The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping.

Royal is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.—U. S. Gov't Chemist's.Report.

For finest food I can use none but Royal .- A. Portin. Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur,

to the cook, who now brought out a big dish-pan, and, retiring to the sink, began to clean up the dishea. It did not take her long, and, after fixing her fire, she put on her clothes

and wenthome.

"We give the girls free tea." the forewoman said to the reporter. "as an inducement 10 stay with us. There are a few other firms in our trade who do the same, but the majority either charge the girls three cents a cup or make them buy the tea outside, where it costs them five cents."

One of the girls said:

make them buy the tea outside, where it costs them five cents."

One of the girls said:

"It ain't no charity scheme, mister. The boss gets more work out of us by giving us the tea than if we went out to lunch. Still, there ain't no denying most of us 'd rather have it this way. Our wages ain't se big that we ain't glad to save the five cents a day. Hosides, some of us drink two cups for lunch, and that cuts a big hole in our wages if we have to pay five cents a cup. We all want tea, because it's the only hot thing we have for lunch, but some of us would have to go without it if we had to pay for it. It's a fair game on both sides, so we don't feel under no obligations to the boss, and he don't think we're doing him a favor by working a little extra."

She added that there was no rule against the girls going out for their luncheons, but it was generally understood that they couldn't have free tea and go out too.

Candidates May Pose in Cheese-cloth Dra pery or Without It, From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Prom the San Pruncisco Chronicia.

The Venus of California is to be copied in marble, and the statue will be exhibited at Chicago during the Fair, to show the world that the rarest and most perfect type of beauty is not that of Milo, nor that of Medici, nor that of Capus. A new model of the loveliest woman is to be given, and it is to be from the American West.

Nobody yet knows who the California Venus is, and the question must be determined by popular vote. There is about to be a contest for the distinction open to all native California women who reside in the State. Candidates will be required to have their physical charms considered by a committee of the local artists, and then to stand in similar review before all who wish to judge.

The statue of the new Venus is to be the central ornament in the California room of the Women's Building, and the beauty contest will be under the supervision of the lady who has charge of that room, Mrs. Frons Eunice Wait of this city. The scheme devised by Mrs. Wait will be carried out by her for the simple purpose of setting California beauty in its just and shining light before the world.



Says Mrs. Wait: "Our standard of beauty is the Venus of Milo, and the successful candidate in the contest will be the woman coming nearest to that statue in form and measurements. The contest which begins immediately and will continue long enough to give all the State a fair chance in getting ready for the competition, is by means of photographs. Of course, the photographs need not be entirely from the nude. The candidate, when posing for photographs, may wear a drapery of cheese-cloth or creps, which will conceal while yet revealing. The figure must be shown. The photographs must be in the Paris panel form, one a full-faced view and the other a profile.

"When the time for selection arrives we shall appoint a committee of three leading artists to pass on the photographs. These judges, having no information about the originals, will select the three that are the best modelled. The woman who is chosen will then be asked to pose for the sculptor. Rupert Schmid has promised his services, and he will do his best work in making a life-size statue of our California beauty. "If the model insists on having the work done from measurement," said he yesterday, "why I will do it that way, but the statue will be of less substantial material than I would otherwise usa. A good Venus cannot be made from a tape line. There are rules to go by in modelling from the measurements but neither can you get a satisfactory and life-like figure from a set of rules. A woman should not object to posing if her statue is to be nude. Justice to herself requires it, and it is perfectly proper. The Greek goddesses had the highest principles of morality, but they wore little drapery. And so, when we come to model our California Venus she may be draped like a Greek goddess."

THE GHOST IN HAMLET.

Prof. Egan Says It Was a Spirit from Par-

Prof. Maurice Francis Egan has been lecturing recently on the ghost in "Hamlet." Ghosts are eeric things to handle even in print, and when one attempts to decide whethers the ghost be a spirit of health or a "goblin damned," the undertaking is indeed a hazardous one. Mr. Egan, however, is a brave man and is not essily daunted. The spirit of Hamlet's father is a spirit from purgatory, he says, who seeks not revenge, but justice. He who even touched the garment of a king offensively was a traitor; he who did him injury deserved to die. In those days there was no such things as trustly jury. The State has been slain in the person of the king; therefore, to counsel the killing of Claudius is not to consuit murder, but justice. There is an answer to the argument often brought forward to prove that the ghost must be an evil spirit because he urged Hamlet to crime. Mr. Egan proves all this by the wards of the ghost, although to quote from "Hamlet" seems a bit like quoting from the Lord's prayer. From Philadelphia Music and Drama

com the Lord's prayer.

Lam thy father's spirit.

Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night.

And for the day confined to fast in fires.

Till the foul crimes done in my days of halure.

Are burnt and purged away.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin.

Unbuser'd, disappointed, numer'd:

No reckening made, but sent to my account with all my imperfections on my head.

Again. "Think northly mised." says the wife

THE GIFT OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

stownl of the Pope's Highest Honor.

LONDON, Feb. 20.-The pilgrims are flocking to Rome in unexpectedly large numbers to selebrate the Episcopal Golden Jubilee of Leo XIII., and contingents have been arriving for some time past from every Catholic coun try. As usual the Irish are very strongly represented; yet it was no inconsiderable party that met at Charing Cross the other day to start for Italy under the presidency and leadership of the Duke of Norfolk, who is ever to the fore in all matters relating to his religion. The pilgrims did not seem discouraged or deterred by having to undertake their journe

and unpleasant day of the whole season. Whether his Holiness will be able to go through all the ceremonies of his jubilee. however much the fatigue may have been minimized for him, is questioned with some anziety by those who surround him. The Pope, although not ailing from any particular disease, and comparatively in fair health, has grown exceedingly weak of late, even taking into consideration his more than eighty-two years of life. He seems to be slowly fading away, and his voice and eyes Toveal the melancholy fact. Like M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, he is overtaken by long spells of heavy somnolence in the midst of a conversation or the ordinary occupations of the day, but unlike the "great Frenchman." who, when roused, frequently lapses into a state of semi-delirium. Leo XIII. awakes perfectly clear and lucid in thought and speech. The repeated recurrence of faint-ing fits is also an alarming symptom.

Among the ceremonies which the Pope has announced in his programme for the ensuing year, it is said that he proposes to confer the "Golden Rose" on the Archduchess Margaret Elizabeth, the niece of the Emperor of Austria. who lately wedded the Prince Louis Albert. heir presumptive to the crown of Wurtemberg. She was before her marriage the Abbess of the secular Convent of Bradschin, near Prague, a dignity which does not entail the

pronouncing of any binding vows or sever the inhabitants of the convent from the outer world for any longer period than they choose. The Pontifical distinction of the Golden Rose is conferred at intervals of generally one year upon the Queen or Princess who has best mer-ited the approval of the Holy See for services rendered to the Church by plous deeds or vir-tuous example. It has always been a source of regret to the Queen of Italy-an ardent Catholic-that she was not so honored, and there is little doubt that it has pained the Pope to withhold this mark of great esteem from one for whom he has sincere personal regard, and that he deplores the reasons of State and the political existencies that prevent him from presenting Queen Marguerite wi his Golden Rose. The last recipient was the

Queen of Portugal Plus IX. once said that the rose was the good mark given by the Pope to the soyal Princess who had been best behaved during the year. Although often talked about, the Golden Rose is variously described as an order, a ribbon or a brevet. It is virtually neither. It consists of a costly present made by the Holy Sea. The total expenses it entails are calculated at no less than £2,000, not small sum for a sovereign whose budget is

chiefly supplied by the Peter's pence.

The jeweller's shop whence the "rose" comes has for more than 800 years stood in the shadow of the Basilica of St. Peten. The maker receives 20,000 lire for his artistic work, which, considering its excellence, is not exorbitant. The stem of the rose is of mas-The chalice of the flower is of delicate mosaic, on which is chased the name of the reigning Pontiff, the date of the presentation, and the titles of the recipient. The golden leaves of the rose are powdered with diamond dust to imitate the early morning dew. The whole is enclosed in a magnificent white satin case studded with silver rosebuds.

The etiquette of presentation decrees that the Pope's gift should be carried by two Papal Ambassadors to its destination; they are selected from the oldest and most illustrious Roman nobility, and receive 15,000 lire each

for travelling expenses. The statutes of the ceremonial of presentation are very curious and explicit. They say: 1. That a court carriage garlanded with white roses, natural or artificial, shall await the Pope's envoys at the station of arrival. 2. In the courtyard of the palace, as they enter it, the troops shall present arms and the

drums beat. 3. The elder of the envoys, who has brought in the white case on his head, shall deposit it in the saloon appointed on a table covered with a white linen cloth

4. The court will immediately resort to the chapel of the palace and hear a solemn mass, the Metropolitan Bishop officiating. At the close of the service the Queen or Princess honoredfly the gift of the Golden Rose shall take her place under a dais erected in the State apartment, having the Bishop at her side. The younger envoy then proceeds to read aloud a letter from the Pope, while his colleague, after waving the rose aloft three

times, delivers it into the Bishop's hands. The Queen, falling on her knees before the prelate, bends low, and the emblem is placed by him upon her heart while he says: " Ecce Rosa Mustica donum Sanctissimi Patria." To which she makes response: "Deo Gratias!" The choristers of the chapel forthwith intone the Te Deam. At the termination of the anthem the King, advancing in his turn, invests both Ambassadors with the insignia of the na-

tional order and the ceremony is over. When Queen Isabella, being then still on the throne of Spain, received the Golden Rose from Pius IX, she was compelled to perform

The Ambassadors generally carry back to the Vatican an autograph letter of the Queen or Princess and her portrait, in a rich golden frame embosse i with roses. The Pontifical letter read by the envoys enumerates at full length the virtues and merits that have en-

titled the recipient to so high a favor.

No recanning made but sent to my account with all my imperfections on my head.

Again. "Taint not thy mind," says the ghost. These are the words of a good spirit and not of a devil.

Mr. Fran's reading of "Jinmlet," on this point is not indeed, a new one, but it serves to throw a strong light on the question of Shakespeare's Catholicity. The religion of Shakespeare's Mr. Igan. "I do not even claim he was a practical Catholic," says Mr. Igan. "I do not even claim that he would have been but was determed by the troubleus and sangerous times in which prices had their hiding places, and mass was said in barriss and cediars. I do claim, though that he was thoroughly versed in the doort ries and practices of the Catholic Church.

The words of the ghost prove this more clearly. Shakespeare falls into many amentonisms on other subjects, such as sending Hamlet to the University of Wittenburg at a time when the university of distinctions of the Catholic Church—he is thoroughly at home. "Fill cross it, though it biast me, says Horstio, a speech which the majority of actory—Booth, Barrett, and all the modernus—literated by waiking across the path of the ghost on the stage. Feeler interpreted the meaning correctly, and in true Catholic cashoe. He made the sign of the cross over the apparition.

M. DE Fill the next "rose" will still bear the next "rose" will be inscribe